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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1914.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A FIRESIDE FANCY.

I look into the ashes and I see
Not ruin, but the former pride of tree
Whence comes the pleasant glow that warms me
Now.
I see and hear the birds upon the bough,
And in the embers' hiss
I sense the summer breeze's soft sweet kiss
That tells again the score
Of peaceful days of yore—
And now all's changed, and here before my eyes
In ash impalpable the tall tree lies,
No longer burgeoning before the sun,
But resting on the hearth, its duty done.

As Fate hath willed,
A picture pair of Destiny fulfilled!

(Copyright, 1914.)

Bryan fears he cannot depend entirely upon women to elect him President. Neither can President Wilson, for that matter; but in his case he might reasonably expect some assistance from men.

A New York banker has been fined \$10 because his automobile "emitted the weirdest, most uncanny and terrible noises." The description must have been borrowed from one of Col. Roosevelt's stories about South American jungle beasts.

Charles W. Schwab is coming back from England again with the most extensive lot of business contracts ever secured by one individual, but before the "Made in America" stamp goes on the goods "O. K., Washington" will have to go on the contracts.

A blind man accidentally bumped his head against a bedpost and his sight was restored. Probably the accident won't occur again, now that he can see; but as he can see it won't be necessary, will it? However, if he hadn't been blind probably he would not have bumped his head against the bedpost and then he wouldn't have been cured, would he?

There is no harm of course in sending Brig. Gen. Scott, chief of staff of the army, to Naco to use his personal influence and acquaintance with the Mexican factions in an effort to prevent firing across the border and the killing of Americans. Late dispatches indicate, however, that the trouble is yielding to the persuasive eloquence of a lot of additional American guns being assembled at the scene.

President Wilson's bill, providing for the purchase of merchant ships by the government, was favorably reported to the Senate yesterday, while simultaneously the announcement is made that by the American merchant marine has been augmented by 101 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 361,078 tons, up to December 12 by the admission to registry of foreign ships owned by Americans. The debate on the President's bill will be awaited with interest in the hope that it will disclose a vast prospective increase in our commerce calling for a government fleet of merchantmen.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the Colorado uplifter who spent some time in the East a few months ago in connection with the coal strike situation, told the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations that as a result of his activity in behalf of the Ludlow sufferers he had been threatened with death, an attempt had been made through the Bureau of Municipal Research, of New York, to ruin him and members of the Rockefeller staff in New York had prevented him from seeing John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to plead the cause of the coal strikers. Some people do get awfully excited when they come East, but the judge might at least have notified the police of what was happening to him.

Every citizen of Washington who has the opportunity should as a matter of duty bring to the personal attention of Senators and Representatives the Johnson rider to the District appropriation bill and be prepared to explain to those who have not found time to inform themselves thoroughly, how seriously it would retard the growth of the Capital if enacted. The fight so far has gone against the District, and while it is not unreasonable to hope that the Senate will again refuse to concur in any such destructive legislation, it will be no easy matter to eliminate the objectionable rider. There will be a struggle in conference and perhaps another one on the floor of the House. Every one should co-operate in an effort to make friends for the present system of government, at both ends of the Capitol. The executive committee of the Citizens Committee of One Hundred will supply information that can be effectively used in this work. A change of 44 in the vote of the House which adopted the Johnson rider would have meant its defeat. Of those members who did not vote, 64 were not paired. A number of the loyal friends of the District were absent on account of the funeral of Representative Payne, while on the other hand the opposition presented its full strength. A fair statement of the District's side to members of the House as yet unfamiliar with it could be counted upon to win support for the next battle.

A Belated Revelation.

No it cannot be done. The attempt to conceal matters of vital national importance from an intelligent, reasonably curious and wholly dominating people—such as the Americans believe themselves to be—must result in foreseeable collapse whenever it is tried. It has been tried over and over again, but no matter how skillfully the effort to smother the popular curiosity has been devised and put in operation it is certain to fail. There is always somebody who speaks right out in meeting and lets the traditional cat out of the bag. This time it is Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama. Mr. Hobson, it will be remembered, is a gentleman who transformed himself—almost in the twinkling of an eye—from an obscure but perfectly respectable sailor into a popular hero of huge dimensions by sinking the collier Merrimac in Santiago Harbor, thereby interfering with the intention of the late Admiral Cervera to be vastly more disagreeable than he was permitted to be. Since that history-making event, Mr. Hobson has not always found it possible to maintain the reserve to which a great hero is entitled. More than once affairs have so shaped themselves that he has felt constrained to give public voice to his opinion. The present agitation concerning our military and naval unpreparedness has compelled him to break a silence of several weeks' duration.

Not that Mr. Hobson has ever shrunk from warning the nation that the American navy is not at all what it should be. He is not at all inconsistent in his determination to support Mr. Gardner in the effort to have the matter of our present unpreparedness ventilated. He has been calling attention to the comparative unfitness of our naval armament for a long time, and it was while he was engaged in defending his position that he was led to make a revelation which might have startled the country at some time other than the present—when it would require something very extraordinary indeed to do the business.

So many things of moment are happening nowadays that Mr. Hobson's recent statement before the House Committee on Naval Affairs that in May, 1913, the United States was on the point of going to war is not likely to precipitate a panic. It really ought to thrill us to learn that at that time our gunners at Corregidor Island stayed at their guns night and day; that the harbors were mined; that troops were sent there, and that everything was prepared for a two years' siege. It should thrill us, but it is difficult to take it seriously.

Not that the genuineness of Mr. Hobson's revelation is to be questioned. The Secretary of the Navy was present when the bomb exploded and he was accorded an opportunity to put in a general denial. That he was silent, his face pale and drawn with emotion, may have been the proper caper under the circumstances, but it is quite certain that the American public is not at all concerned over its escape.

The Fall of Pancho Villa.

Gen. Pancho Villa has taken his first drink. The Mexican Herald tells the story in detail. It was at Xochimilco, a suburb of the Mexican capital, and the occasion was a meeting between Villa and Zapata. They embraced each other, dined together and pledged their joint efforts for the pacification of their country. The compact was pledged with a glass of mescal, and after Gen. Villa had drained his glass, and made a dry face, he said: "As it was the first time in my life that I have ever taken a drink, the liquor scorched my throat."

Here is the text for a beautiful and powerful temperance sermon, but it is difficult to state the moral. Pancho Villa has been everything that is considered immoral and criminal. He had been soldier of fortune, free-booter, highwayman, murderer, ravisher of women and crucifier of little children, but he had never touched intoxicating liquor—and mescal has the reputation of being the most fiery alcoholic drink concocted—was left out of his record until he took up the work of pacifying Mexico. It might suggest a mournful regret that just when Villa had abandoned his past evil ways and begun to devote his talents to the work of rebuilding a government and rehabilitating a nation, for peace and prosperity, the tempter should intrude and add one more black line in his record.

On the other hand, it might suggest a ray of hope; that an occasional drink, even of mescal, is better than a continuous debauch of murder, robbery, and all the things with which Pancho Villa has been charged in the last two years. Villa, like many other bad men, prided himself on his sobriety; that he never touched intoxicating liquors; that he never allowed liquor to befuddle his brain and divert him from the deliberate purposes he had in view. A good many forgers, burglars, cracksmen and professional gunmen have said the same thing. They needed steady nerves for their work and could not afford to take even a glass of beer. They were professional teetotalers.

So was Villa, until he took up the final work of pacifying Mexico, by diplomacy and co-operation with Zapata, another reformed revolutionist. He pledged himself to this work in a glass of mescal. Other diplomats have done the same and Villa may have come to the conclusion, that after he had made the bloodiest and most savage record on the American continent in modern times, he would adopt the methods of civilization and work for peace even if he had to take a drink.

An Amazing North Sea Exploit.

The success of the German naval dash across the North Sea to the British coast is as bewildering as the daring of the men on board the cruisers which after hurling shells into three towns disappeared without even permitting the English to count them. British pride in her sea supremacy has been humbled and a dazzling exploit has been added to the world's history of naval warfare. How the Germans were enabled to elude the British patrol, how they managed to steer clear of the mines and for half an hour rain death and destruction upon three towns on forty miles of coast line and then escape unscathed is a mystery we must wait to have cleared. The exact whereabouts of the British North Sea fleet has always been a secret, but it is inconceivable that it could have been so disposed as to permit an exploit such as yesterday's to succeed once in a thousand attempts. The Germans must surely have known the opportune moment to strike. Perhaps someone in the British navy has blundered.

What the object of the Germans was in attacking three small unfortified towns and killing half a hundred or more non-combatants is another mystery. The circumstances suggest an act of wanton revenge for the destruction of the German squadron in the South Atlantic, unless, possibly, later developments may show that the attack was made to cover a more important move elsewhere. So

far as is now known, however, Germany has accomplished nothing beyond the taking of a few score innocent lives and the destruction of property of no great value.

The score in the naval contest is still in England's favor, but she has been given what should be a wholesome warning that her coasts are in danger.

Internationalism.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

IN schools internationalism is never taught. But great stress is laid on a much smaller and much less significant subject, nationalism. One of the first things children are instructed about is their country. They are made to believe that their country is the greatest country in the world. They are encouraged to take pride in their country, to feel superior to the people of other countries, even to assert this superiority as something to be rejoiced in, gloated over.

As a boy, like most children, I eagerly accepted the belief that my country was the greatest country in the world and that beside it other countries were comparatively unimportant.

I should have been amazed if any one had told me that the children of other countries felt about their countries exactly as I did. I thought that, of course, they recognized the superiority of the United States.

I little suspected that to the children of some of the great European countries my view would be regarded as not only untrue but comic.

They would have had a surprise exactly like mine if they knew how American children felt.

There is, of course, something to be said for implanting in children the love of country. In this love there is intertwined the ideals of a nation. Every heart joyously responds to the words: "Breathes there the man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land." This highly rhetorical sentiment goes down to the very roots of nature. Love of one's native land is a part of oneself. It is as natural as breathing or as protecting oneself from danger. It is one of the many ties and one of the strongest of the ties by which nature binds us to the earth.

On the other hand, there is no reason in the world why this sentiment should be encouraged to take narrow and unworthy expressions. Why it should not be accompanied by a realization that love of country is as deep-seated in the people of one nation as in the people of another, just as sincere, just as beautiful, leading to exactly the same state of mind.

Unfortunately, love of country has been encouraged at the expense of jealousy of other countries. In this regard, whole nations have shown a pettiness of mind that would at once be recognized and condemned in individuals.

Many qualities that individuals would hide have found frank expression in nations through love of country.

Nations have long tended to take toward one another the attitude of small boys at first meeting. Constantly they are tempted to measure strength by fighting. This tendency has developed the suspicion among nations which now expresses itself so wastefully and dangerously in combative armament.

Now there are signs of a change. And one of the most encouraging signs is the increasing vogue of this word, internationalism. It has at last been discovered that, in spite of difference in language, in spite of territorial divisions, human beings are essentially the same and are subjected to essentially the same social and economical influences.

The realization of these influences is creating not only new divisions but new bonds. There is no reason in the world why the men of different nations should be instinctively unsympathetic. On the contrary, there are powerful reasons why they should unite. For the masses of men, in their common needs, in their struggle for life and for the development of the higher faculties, are meeting exactly the same problems.

The surest way of solving these problems is not by yielding to the absurd prejudices fostered by patriotism, but by recognizing the common humanity of men and the blessings that must result from their solidarity.

So internationalism stands for the great social movement of today. It proclaims the essential need of unity among men. It reveals the marvelous strength that must result from such unity. It gives the promise of success to the great social movements of the time, the movements which, more or less blindly, but with steadily increasing force, are working toward universal justice.

Crazy Legislation.

The "fool killer" should go through the Senate and put the quietus on some assinine legislation proposed by Senator Works, of California. Spurred on, doubtless, by the cancelling of Schwab's order for submarines, the California Senator would put an end to the manufacture of supplies of all kinds to be used in Europe. He has introduced a bill to forbid citizens or residents of the United States, whether natural or corporate persons, to sell or ship to any nation engaged in war or to its armies or soldiers, any food, clothing, supplies, arms, ammunition, horses, or war supplies of any kind, whether the same is contraband of war or not.

Could anything be more lovely? The mills in this State that are knitting undergarments and hosiery, sweaters and woolen goods of all kinds must shut down, their employees turned out to face a winter of unemployment. The contracts to furnish millions of dollars of munitions and supplies must be cancelled lest we violate our neutrality.

Fortunately, there is not the slightest danger of this fool bill becoming a law, but it is an illuminating sidelight on the statesmanship that controls this country in this hour of danger and difficulty.—Schenectady Union-Star.

Nearly 2,000,000 Autos.

According to the latest census figures covering automobile registration in the various States, there are now 1,735,369 automobiles in use in the United States. There has been a steady gain since the first of the year. These figures are both for gasoline and electric pleasure and freight vehicles. On January 1, 1914, there were 1,253,875 cars in use. By the latest census, New York is far in the lead, with 160,475 cars registered. Illinois is next, with 126,681, and there are only four other States in which the figure runs 100,000 or over. These are Pennsylvania, Ohio, California and Iowa, in that order. The State of Nevada has the fewest cars, the registration showing but 1,523 in use.

Unimportant If True

By DR. ERITAS

Bombs fall on the just and the unjust.

A photographer should have taking ways.

It seems that there are a good many war balloonatics.

The eight-hour law does not prevail in the trenches.

There is sometimes a slip betwixt the meal and the tip.

Presidential booms do nobody any harm, but they are very expensive.

Secretary Garrison seems to be in favor of enlarging the shooting match.

There is still peace in some parts of the earth, and good will among some men.

Reports indicate that there has been an increase in the German population in Siberia.

Sometimes fireside baseball can be almost as exciting and perplexing as the real thing.

No new dances have been introduced this winter, and we hope the world is getting better.

It looks as if those donkeys in Mexico will never be able to establish a stable government.

Because a man is fond of shaking hands, it does not necessarily follow that he is grasping.

A gentleman who has just returned from West Virginia says it isn't so very long between drug stores out there.

Now comes a proposition to annex the North Pole. We thought Doc Cook had attended to that matter for us.

Germany might just as well surrender. It is announced that there are 140,000 Irishmen with the British army in France.

It is said that the reason the President did not mention Mexico in his message to Congress is that he does not use profanity.

History builders.

How Secretary Steward Kept a Diary.

By DR. E. J. EDWARDS.

When the diary of Gideon Welles was published, a few years ago, I was reminded of a conversation which I once had with Frederick W. Seward, in which he related to me the manner in which he and father began to keep a diary on the first day of the administration of President Lincoln.

Gideon Welles was Secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Lincoln. He and Mr. Seward, who was Secretary of State, were as unlike physically as they were temperamentally. Mr. Welles was a tall, thin, distinguished-looking man, with a heavy shock of hair and a beard of the kind sculptors sometimes represent the philosophers of classic days as having. Another letter reader, "Kind friend: I am a social item gatherer and depot reporter for the Weekly Argus and I know I could please the public by writing up pieces for the Argus about your shows. I am so and unwedded. Lovingly, Sylvia."

The failure of the Liebler company caused genuine regret among theatrical folk along the Rialto. George C. Tyler, the managing director, is one of the best producers of his day. He has told his intimate friends that he has no regrets. The plays he produced he believed in and worked for them with all his might.

He backed his own judgment with his own money and that of his associates. The Lieblers have never been clearing house for anyone and Tyler has never traded in dirty coin or shady reputations. He has tried to make money with all his plays and never pulled that old line of being in the game for art's sake. Yet he is a real theatrical artist.

The Lieblers were a quarter of a million ahead of the game when the season opened. They planned the best productions of their career and then Kaiser Bill and King Jaws started their little argument.

Marion Mitchell has given the police carte blanche in using their clubs on the heads of our rough-necked gangsters. It will be probably not long before then our police need exercise. The advice is to use your club at the first bat of a gangster's eyelash, and if he comes up for more shoot and shoot to kill.

The late Mayor, Governor, who knew how to keep the police in their proper place in respecting the rights of citizens, practiced the abolition of the club. He used that if a man was a policeman and his voice was not pitched to the policeman's liking the latter would beat a rat-a-tat-tat on said citizen's dome.

Beating up maddish drunks and defenseless old men were the chief out-door sports of the police. They footed down on this practice so hard that it was checked like mule and the public applauded so loud that other mayors were afraid to lift the ban on clubs.

On the other hand, the gangster—the product of the pool halls and corner saloons—are trying to rule the city. Some twenty-eight murders have taken place in the last four months and most of them have been gang murders.

Walter Lippmann, one of the editors of the New Republic, was invited out the other morning by a friend to eat "delectable breakfast." He ordered a slow rickety, snails and Philadelphia scrapie.

Some theatrical managers are unusually candid. The Strand Theater can be placed in this class. It presents "Franklin D. Roosevelt" and "The Great Impersonation" last week by request.

And speaking of musicians! Several of the downtown hotels have engaged pianists and violinists to play in the grand concert hall at five to ten a week at \$20 and \$30 a week on account of the old season. All of them are playing under assumed names.

Changing a Word's Meaning.

"Pension" is among the numerous cases of words of Latin origin specialized to mean something which the original did not mean to the Romans. "Pension" signified simply "payment," but in the present sense, and we are at liberty to draw the sound moral that a pension is not really something thrown in as a gratuity, but deferred pay. The word for a soldier's pay was "stipendium" and here we have another curious shift of meaning. Nobody speaks of a soldier's "stipend" now; it is a magistrature or a clerkship whose pay receives that name. The "stipendium" was paid in jumps three or four times a year, and the word came to be used to mean a year's term of service.—London Chronicle.

A Royal Soldier-Priest.

There are many German priests in the fighting line, but probably only one royal priest. This is Prince Max of Saxony, a brother of the King of that country. His royal highness must have mixed feelings regarding the combat in which he has been called to take his part as a man of religion and counselor of the wounded.

Prince Max labored for a time in the East End of London, and his work among the poor in the degraded districts of Whitechapel is still held in memory. The prince was popular in this country, and was always looked upon as essentially a poor man's priest.—London Tit-Bits.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

Don't tell Fibber, or you'll have a RUMMAGE.

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Doings of Society

One of the most attractive debutantes of the season, who promises to be a leader in the younger set of Washington society, was presented yesterday afternoon at a charmingly appointed tea given by her sister, Mrs. Harold Walker, with whom she makes her home, in K Street.

Mrs. Walker introduced her sister in the drawing room, which was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns and potted plants. The library and other rooms in the handsome residence were also attractively decorated with foliage plants and flowers set to the debutante.

Birney wore a charming frock of pink moire cut on simple Greek lines, and carried a sheath of pink roses. Mrs. Walker was gowned in a French model of blue chiffon. Miss Katherine Birney, a sister of the debutante, who stood in the receiving line, wore a smart gown of pink moire cut with a train.

Guests included Miss Alexandra Ewing, Miss Dorothy Owen, Miss Dorothy Drake, Miss Judith Atwater, and Miss Elaine English and Miss Dorothy Block, home guests of the debutante. Mr. Weldon Hally will give a dinner at the Chevy Chase Club this evening in honor of Miss Birney, at which the receiving party will attend.

Mrs. Bryan will entertain at luncheon today at Calumet place.

Capt. R. T. Hall, U. S. N., now on duty at Philadelphia, has arrived in town, accompanied by Mrs. Hall and Miss Hall. They were taken an apartment at the New Willard.

Mrs. William H. Hill, of Boston, has returned to the Shoreham after a few days' absence.

Mr. Harold Walker will arrive in Washington on Saturday from New York City to meet the holidays with Mrs. Walker and their family at their home on K Street.

Mrs. Sarah McDougall Sheridan, of New York, will be the guest of the weekend of Mr. and Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Sheridan is the mother of Mrs. Compston, of New York, who was a guest at the White House last week.

Members of the Yale University Dramatic Association, who will produce four one-act plays at the Columbia Theater this afternoon, December 18, will be guests of Mrs. Stephen R. Elkins at a dance which she will give in her residence that night.

The Ambassador from Chile and Mrs. Suarez-Mujica, with their family, will spend the Christmas holidays in New York.

Mrs. Rudolph Hunt and Miss Helen Hunt were at home, informally, yesterday afternoon.

Miss Minnie Conrad, who is now making her Virginia estate, Montana Hall, her alma-mater, received a letter from Washington for a short stay at the New Willard.

Mrs. Paul Desosa, of Washington, is a guest of the Wokelet Hotel in New York City.

Announcements have been received of the wedding on December 12 of Miss Leonie Soult, daughter of Mr. William Soult, of Eagle Pass, Tex., formerly of Washington, to Mr. Murray B. Bueh, of the Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., now stationed at Eagle Pass, Tex. Bueh is a son of the late Murray B. Bueh and Mrs. Bueh, of Philadelphia.

Among those who entertained at dinner last night at the Chevy Chase Club are Commander and Mrs. Chester Wells, Pay Inspector and Mrs. Edmund W. Barrington, Maj. J. M. Williams, D. C. Conner, Weldon F. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Willett, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Foraker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee, Commander and Mrs. William D. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edward K. Campbell, Senator and Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Deming, and Mrs. Morris Evans.

Miss Julia Brice was hostess at an informal luncheon yesterday in honor of her house guest, Miss Katherine Forst, of Watertown, N. Y. The guests included Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, Miss Marian Van Buren, Miss Mary Lord Andrews, Miss Penelope Butler, Miss Elizabeth Porter, Miss Alexandra Ewing, and Miss Matilda Auerbach.

Mr. W. E. Johnson, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Margaret Johnson, and the latter's friend, Miss D. M. MacWilliams, have arrived from Woodstock, to pass some time at the New Willard. Mr. E. N. Hatt, also of Woodstock, is a member of Mr. Johnson's party.

Mrs. Willard Salisbury will not receive today.

Mrs. Victor Kaufman has cards out for a tea dance at Rauscher's January 2 to debut Miss Dorothy Mason, a daughter of the winter, and a daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Mason.

Miss Ruth Wilson and Miss Dorothy Mason, of this city, will be among the debutantes to assist in Philadelphia January 14 at the debut of Miss Sophy Dugham, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Clarence W. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Twiss, of Leeds Manor, Mass., have arrived at the New Willard to pass a week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Carl Smith, of 123 Seventeenth Street, Washington, entertained at dinner last night in honor of Governor-elect Frank Willis and Mrs. Willis, of Ohio. Invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Willis were Justice and Mrs. Thomas J. Anderson, Justice Stanton Peale, Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Montgomery, Dr. George B. Stewart, president of Auburn Theological Seminary, and Mrs. Stewart, and Mrs. E. H. Grandin and Miss Ruth Norcross.

Dr. and Mrs. Christian Brinton, of New York City, have arrived in Washington, and are at the Shoreham.

Hon. Charles W. Faulkner, former Senator from West Virginia, and Mrs. Faulkner have arrived at the New Willard. Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner will return to Martinsburg for Christmas, returning to town early in January to remain through the season.

A marriage of much interest to Washington took place yesterday, when Mrs. Anna Ford Johnson became the bride of Mr. Frank Henry Elsen at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Wickesham, 2201 Calvert street. The marriage occurred at 2:15, after which Mr. and

Mrs. Elsen went to New York for a wedding trip. They will be at home after January 1 at the Brighton.

For tomorrow's session of the Exhibition of American Artists, at 725 Seventeenth street, for the benefit of the Belgian sufferers, the reception committee has been chosen as follows: Mrs. Pinker, Mrs. Stadden, Mrs. Clephane, and Mrs. Bush-brown, in the morning, and Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Hunt Slater, Mrs. Leiden, Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Critcher, in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bentley, of San Francisco, have taken an apartment at the New Willard, where they will pass some time.

The Rev. Olympia Brown, of Racine, Wis., who is in the city for the purpose of attending the hearing given to the Federal Suffrage Association, is the guest of her son, H. Parker Willis, secretary of the Federal Reserve Board.

Mr. F. Ambrose Clark is at the New Willard for a short stay, as also are Mr. and Mrs. Henry Trenchard, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. George St. Pierre, of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, who are frequent visitors to Washington, propose remaining for a week.

The Francisian Sisters, who work so effectively among the poor of this country and Europe and among the lepers of China and Japan, are to hold an exhibition and sale of art work, embroidery and children's dresses suitable for Christmas gifts at the Grafton Hotel, on Commercial avenue and De Sales street, next Saturday. Many prominent society women of Washington are greatly interested in the work of these sisters and will be glad of this opportunity to aid the good work carried on by this order.

The Maltese Derby.

Horse racing is a favorite sport the world over, but it is doubtful whether the Maltese Derby, one of the more remarkable races of the sport than the Maltese. Once a year, says a writer in the Wide World, the Maltese Derby is held. It is a race of the Maltese, and the people turn out in thousands to back their favorites. There is no regulation of the course; the only simple rule is that the jockeys ride without bridles or saddles and each carries a whip in either hand—one for his own mount, the other to keep back any horse which may try to overtake him. We saw one of the spectators deliberately trip a horse up by putting his leg out, at grave risk to himself. The Maltese Derby is a very curious and seems to be a matter of course, and consequently hardly a year goes by without a fatality of some kind. It is considered, it is not likely that the "you-as-you-please" rules of this Maltese derby are likely to commend themselves to our turf authorities.